Columbia Democrat.

" I have sworn upon the Alter of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BELOW MARKET-STREET.

TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Norristown Register and Democrat.

THINGS HARDLY TO BE BELIEVED.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

'Well, I declare, this is hardly to be believed!' exclaimed Mrs. Grandy, as she threw down a letter which she had been perusing, and turned toward her daughter, who was reclining on a crimson cushioned lounge, in the most approved style of dress, attitude, and expressoin. The young lady lifted her jewelled hand, and raised her sleepy lidded eyes with enquiring interest as she breathed forth in an affected tone of music,

'Pray what have you found, dear mamma? I am longing for something to chase away this horrible ennui.'

'It is hardly to be believed, I repeat, Amina—your uncle Meek has written me, that he intends to send his daughter Lucy, to spend the winter with us. I cannot refuse to receive her, for she is my sister's child—but, dear me! what shall we do with the rustic creature?'

'How came your sister to marry a farmer, mamma?'

'Why Amina, while pa was a senator, sister and I accompanied him to Washington, one winter, and there we met Mr. Meek, a young and talented member of congress. Your aunt was captivated by his fine person, real eloquence and open, manly character; and although she knew that he was only a farmer at home, she persisted in becoming his wife So he took her to his home in the new State of Ohio,& I have not seen her since; for she soon became a mother, and has several children, so that she was confined at home, and I have been so very delicate in health, that I never dared to brave such a journey. But she used to write frequently, and although she always professed herself perfectly happy, she gave such descriptions of her domestic affairs, that I am sure I should have been utterly miserable in her situation. And this daughter of hers who milks the cows, and makes butter and cheese; and spins yarn, and weaves cloth and bakes bread and washes clothes, and scrubs floors,- why she must be a great stout looking creature like a man, with sun burnt face, and coarse hands and feet, and voice like a market woman. And then she will be so awkward—oh dear! what shall we do with her!'

'Why ma, you really frighten me; you must not let her come, certainly. I could never introduce such a cousin to society, and certainly I would not forego all pleasure and remain at home with her.'

'I cannot refuse to receive her, dear Amina—but she is so unsophisticated, that we can do with her as we please. If we can make nothing presentable of her, why we can keep her out of sight. But it will cost me so much to dress her. Of course she will have no clothes fit to be seen.'

'Well, mamma, on second thoughts, we will let her come. She will amuse some of my leisure moments. If I should become interested in her, I should find employment in teaching her politeness and etiquette. If she does not interest me, she will be a fine subject for ridicule.'

And so the matter stood.

Mrs. Grandy was just on the eve of a grand party, to which she had invited the 'aristocracy' of the city. She was occupied in finishing her arrangements and adding the crowning grace to the labors of servants and upholsters, when she was stunned by the intelligence that Miss Lucy Meek was in the parlor.

'Good heaven! what shall we do!' she cried, addressing her daughter who was sauntering by her side, and languidly criticising the arrangements. 'If only she had staid until after the party!—What can we do with her!'

'We must at least proceed to the parlor and try to welcome her with civility,' remarked Amina. 'She may not be so unpresentable as we have pictured her,' and the high bred mother and daughter descended to the parlor, determining to treat the awkward country girl with all the condescending kindness possible.

Their surprise was no less overwhelming than agreeable, when they beheld seated perfectly at ease, with a book which she had taken from the centre table, a lovely little girl, fair as a lily, with very small hands and a foot peeping from beneath her travelling dress, as if defying competition—which it might have done with safety. She no sooner perceived her relatives, than she sprang to meet them, in the most affectionate manner, and returned gracefully the embraces and kisses which they bestowed upon her with real pleasure.

When Amina, after showing Lucy to her chamber, joined her mother in the saloon she exclaimed—

'Oh mamma! I could hardly have believed that a young lady educated in the country, could have been so perfectly genteel as cousin Lucy is. I love her dearly, already. And then her wardrobe—why ma, her dresses are really elegant. So simple and tasteful in style, just like her sweet self,—she has never been inured to labor, I am certain.'

'Certainly not,' replied Mrs. Grand; 'and I am happy to find my sister's daughter a real lady. I am glad now that she has arrived before the party. She is such an elegant contrast to you, Amina. You will be the rose of the parterre, and she will represent the pure white lily.'

When the family met at dinner, Mrs. Grandy was almost in despair. The cook that she had hired expressly to prepare refreshments for the party, was taken suddenly and violently ill, and neither maid nor mistress knew how to compound or fashion the quantities of beaten eggs, grated sugars, effervesced cream and buttermilk, pulverized spices, and clarified butter; that formed, with flour, and yeast, and citrons, oranges, raisins and currants, and confectionary, a medley of confusion, in pantry and kitchen.

'Do you not understand baking?' asked Lucy of Amina.

'Oh! indeed no; replied the astonished belle.

'Nor you aunt!' she enquired of Mrs. Grandy.

'My dear, I never learned,' murmured the lady.

'It is very strange,' Lucy said—and then she went on—'Well aunt, if you will trust me, I will produce as fine cakes as any cook in the city.'

'You are too young, Lucy,' cried Mrs. Grandy, 'even if you had studied cooking all your life; but you seem so confident, and as I can do no better, you may try.'

'Will you assist me, Amina? I will engage that so far from injuring your fair hands, the slight toil will increase their beauty.'

'But what can I do?' asked Amina laughing.

'Oh, I will direct you,' replied Lucy, gaily, and the cousins repaired to the kitchen where the clatter of culinary operations was enlivened by merry bursts of laughter, and joyous gushes of sweet song.

Lucy made her debut at Mrs. Grande's select party, in a robe of pure white muslin her rich brown curls unconfined, except by a fillet of silver gauze, tied just back of the left ear, and floating like a soft mist below her graceful waist. Other ornament she wore none, yet amid fine forms, robed in velvets and satins, flashing with gems, and flowers, and feathers she seemed a spirit of a purer sphere, and was decidedly the belle or goddess of the gay saloons.

'Do you sing, Miss Meek?' enquired the rich and fashonable Mr. Goldby as Miss Grandy arose from the piano.

Oh yes,' she replied, laughing, 'I sing like a wild bird, but I do not play, or make music scientifically.

By this time she was the centre of an expectant circle, all eager for the song: and she without a shadow of embarrassment sang the Ettrick Shepherd 'Bird of the wilderness,' to a wild sweet air which the sky lark himself might have paused to hear. It was perfectly enchanting, and the free, full soul of native melody; and the manner in which she gave the line—'Oh! to abide in the desert with thee,' was inimitable.

'What a paragon this elegant little neice of yours is,' remarked Mrs. Le Grand to Mrs. Grandy, a few days after the party 'So graceful, and then she has such perfect taste. Why, her dress, person and character, harmonize so entirely, that one almost supposes they came from the same forming hand, a perfect whole—Indeed, you have reason to be proud of her, she is such an ornament to your family party. She must have been educated at the south, or in Europe, for our schools do not give so perfect a finish.'

'Indeed, Mrs. Le Grand, you pay my niece high compliments. But she is a farmer's daughter, and has never been from home until she came here a few days ago. She has acquired her accomplishments in the school of nature. But she has acquired accomplishments which put me sadly to the blush. Why—the day before my party, Madam Este, whom *I* had employed to compound my cakes, was taken sick, just as she had got her ingredients strewed round in utter and inexplicable confusion. I was in despair, but Lucy said that if Amina would assist her, she would make all right. And she did, mix and bake all my cakes which were so much admired.

'Well, now,'—exclaimed Mrs. Le Grand 'I can hardly believe these things possible. 'And Miss Meek is so young and has such perfect little hands.'

'Yes,' replied the aunt, 'and you should see her nice flannel skirts—so fine and soft; and she spun the yarn and wove the cloth herself.'

'I am astonished,' cried Mrs. Le Grand; why she is an anomaly.'

'She says not,' replied Mrs. Grandy she insists that all the girls in her neighborhood are equally accomplished; some her superiors. I am beginning to be of her opinion, that in this country where the rich to day are poor to morrow, and vice versa, young ladies should be educated in such a manner as to grace a palace, or make a hovel clean and comfortable. Amina is improving her opportunity, and learning of Lucy to cook every kind of flesh and fish, and to to make cakes and pastry. Lucy assures her that she will be both healthier and happier, in consequence.'

'Well, I declare,' cried Mrs. Le Grand such things can hardly be believed.'

'And so Miss Meek has refused Mr. Goldby, and gone home to her father's,' remarked a young lady to her beau, as they walked beneath the soft sun ligh of early spring.

'It is very strange,' was the reply; 'and poor Goldby is nearly distracted. I never supposed that he had so much heart. He sets out in a few days for Europe. The young lady must have been pre-engaged for independent of his wealth, he is a fine young man.'

'He is so' sighed the lady.' 'And Miss Meek only a farmer's daughter! I declare it is hardly to be believed, that she has rejected him.'

We will pass over three years, and listen to the conversation of this same lady and gentleman—now man and wife.

Well, dear, I have been informed that Lucy Meek is married to a young farmer of her own neighborhood, whose father used to follow lumbering on the Ohio. They say, however, that he is really active and intelligent young buckeye, but it is singular that she should make such a choice after having rejected Goldby.'

'Lucy has not acted without reflection I assure you. She is an extraordinary girl. Mrs. Grandy blesses her name daily. She says that since they are reduced, they should be perfectly miserable, but for the spirit that Amina caught of her cousin Lucy, and the lesson she learned of her. Does it not seem wonderful to see Amina who was so proud and indolent, moving about the house in her neat check apron, and singing gaily as she performs the business of both cook and house maid. And then she was so hard hearted, I have known her to refuse a levy to an object of charity, when her purse was full of gold. Now she will save from her necessities, to minister to the sick and needy. And both she and her parents declare that they are much happier now, than they were in their days of wealth and indolence. I declare, when I look back, and then turn to the present, I can hardly believe what I see.'

Lucy Meek was married 17 years ago. We will now look at the present condition of the parties named above. Lucy's husband, the son of a lumber man—who took his bride to a log cabin, and commenced housekeeping without a servant to aid her in the house work—has risen rapidly from one post of honor and profit to another, until he is now governor of one of the largest and richest States in the Union.—and his country house is a palace, surrounded by a paradise of Eden of his own planning and planting, which he is now enabled to enjoy health, ease, honor, and happiness surrounded by his lovely and beloved family.

Mr. Grandy, who, after his failure, accepted a clerk's office and salary, now performs the duties of the place, behind the accountant's desk, in the store of his son in law. Miss Amina was married to this gentleman when he was a clerk in a dry good store in New York, but by industry, economy and strict honesty—in all which he has been aided and sustained by his wife—he is now a flourishing merchant, in Pittsburg, Pa. Mrs. Grandy resides with her daughter, and she insists that the reverse of fortune which made them so much wiser and better, and happier, was certainly no misfortune,

Mrs. Grandy's most intimate friend but who could not recognize her after her husband's failure, died in a garret two years ago. Mr. L. Grand lost his property in the great fire in N York, became disheartened, and gave himself up to inebriety. One of his sons is an apprentice, and one a loafer; of his two daughters, one is a governess or nursery maid in a rich vulgar family—the other is married to a common sailor, a fine, intelligent fellow, who may yet become an admiral or a king.

So little reason has any one in this republican country to be lifted up by the mere accident of wealth or station. The poorest man's child may arrive at the highest honors of State. He who is President to day, is a private citizen to morrow—liable to lose every dollar he possesses, and be overwhelmed with debt and misery. His child, though born while his father presides over the councils of this wide land may eventually earn his bread as a daily laborer; while the son of the maid servant, who cleaned the kitchen of the President's house, may be carried there in triumph, as its chosen occupant. How ridiculous then, in this land, is haughty pride of wealth or station. How contemptible appears the title 'aristocracy,' applied to any clique or party. Or can there be anything more ridiculously absurd, than the imputing fine qualities of mind or person, to any particular class of locality. And yet these things are all practised, while thinking minds observe the continual mutation of the wheel of fortune, and value every person according to the intrinsic worth of character, while things hardly to be believed, pass continually before them.

AN ENLIGHTENED TRAVELLER.

Somebody from England, cockeny of course, has written a new book of travels about 'the Merrikins' He professes great candor, and certainly needs great indulgence. Being in Washington, he called on the President, and was greatly surprised at the colored servant who conducts visiters to 'the presence,' or taking care of his umbrella for him lest it should be stolen. They never steal umbrellas in Old England! Hence such kind consideration in servants is unknown there, But his account of the Grand Signor of all the Democracies is the funniest, at least the last that we have read or heard of. He admits that Polk' is a 'remarkable looking man, his forehead massive and prominent, his features marked and of good outline.' His general appearance, dress and mode of expression indicate 'a lawyer or dissenting minister.' We suppose that if he had worn a band, a black silk petticoat, and white lawn robe over it, he would have resembled a 'clergyman of the established church,' Bishop Fillpot perhaps, or the Dean of Guttleton. And with a brass star on his breast and a blue pole in his hand, he might have frightened our traveller as police officer *Bull* he next is the best. 'Although a few years ago his name was unknown, every one is now aware that Mr. James Polk (why did'nt he say *Polk?*) was a lawyer in the State of Tennessee, holding respectable, but by no means a commanding position.' You don't say so? Yet every American who knew anything of his country's politics, knew that Mr. Polk was a prominent, leading member of Congress for about ten years during four of which he was Speaker of the House, and was afterwards Governor of Tennessee. But where did this Englishman pick up this slang about the President's previous obscurity? He could not have understood our history sufficiently to know who had been obscure or who conspicuous, and therefore this *bright* suggestion could not have been original. He got it from some of the vulgar and rancorous partisan journals published in the commerical cities; journals to which quite too many are indebted for their entire ignorance of political philosophy. He says that the 'Whigs' were highly indignant at the election of such an obscure person, but have since submitted to his Presidential authority with a good grace. Submitted with a good grace! Why, Mr. Tourist, did you expect that they would rise in rebellion? They never thought of such a thing. 'Tory at Jericho till your beard is grown.'

THE LADIES OF MATAMORAS.

We copy the following graphic sketch of the ladies of *Matamoras* from a letter addressed to the editor of the Sunbury American. It is from the pen of Dr. R. B. McCoy, of Northumberland:

The ladies of this part of Mexico, after arriving at the age of about thirty years, almost without exception become very fat and lubberly; and if they have hitherto possessed any charms in the way of beauty they are all apt to take their leave, save one and that remains faithful to the last. All Mexican women, of whatever age, have teeth of the most admirable whiteness and regularity. I have not seen a single exception to this rule since I came to Mexico. The very *embonpoint* of these donnas would, at first sight, satisfy you of their lively, laughing disposition. You never enter their houses without being received with smiles, and many complimentary wishes concerning your health; and are universally presented with a cigarrito just taken from a pair of lips that still possess just claims upon your admiration. This, whether you are a smoker or not, you must consume before you leave the house: and sometimes even I have found them much too short. But beween the cigarritos and the dark eyed daughters, I have several times felt my head reel, and my ideas in the utmost confusion. However, I must appropriate a special paragraph to the Senioritas.

I believe it is generally admitted that the most potent weapon of the Mexica ladies is their eyes. That they are very brilliant and expressive I admit, without hesitation; but that they *excel* in this particular feature I most positively deny. I have seen dark eyes in old Pennsylvania, that as far eclipsed in and intelligence all that I have seen in Mexico, as sunshine does in brightness the shades of midnight. The features of the face are seldom strikingly handsome, or even regular; and the ravages of the small-pox have contributed, in no small degree to obliterate traits of beauty that in many instances would have been universally acknowledged. But in figure, I at once yield the palm of Mexico. I have never seen ladies, in any of the twelve States I have yet visited, who could successfully compare with the Senioritas of Matamoras, in this important particular. They are absolutely perfection itself. Bustles, I feel confident, will never find favor in the eyes of the Mexicans, since they can only act as a means of distortion. Though not particularly happy in their style of dress, they have that picturesque and novel appearance which at once rivits the attention of a son of the North, and sets him to drawing lines of comparison, between them and the fair ones he has left behind him. Here again they suffer. The low necked short dress, with large glaring pink figures, and a single narrow flounce relieved below by a few inches of the white under-dress cut into points is not wanting in beauty, and sets off a fine figure to the utmost advantage. And it has another recommendation: it displays the finest turned ancle, and the prettiest foot in the world. But with all this, no one of even moderate taste, can pretend to say that the Senioritas would be less enchanting if fashionably dressed. Nay, I have thought some of them might shine as stars in our Northern ball rooms. This is saying more for them than most of my companions would dream of on account of the almost suspicious darkness of their complexion.

CORPORAL TRIM AND AUNT PRUDY.

'There are people,' continued the corporal 'who can't even breathe without slandering a neighbor.

'You judge too severely,' replied my aunt Prudy. 'No one is slandered who does not deserve it.'

'That may be,' retorted the corporal, 'but I have heard very slight things said of *you*.

The face of my aunt kindled with anger.—'*Me!*' she exclaimed—'*Me!* slight things said of *me!* What can any one say of *me?*'

'They say,' answered the corporal gravely and drawing his words to keep my aunt in suspense, 'that you are no better than you ought to be.'

Fury flashed from the eyes of may aunt.

'Who are the wretches?'

'*I* hope they slander no one who does not deserve it, remarked the corporal jeeringly, as he left the room.

The feelings of my aunt may well be conceived. She was sensibly affected. True, she had foibles. She was peevish and fretful. But she was rigidly moral and virtuous. The purest ice was not more chaste. The Pope himself could not boast more piety Conscious of the correctness of her conduct, she was wounded at the remark of the corporal. Why should her neighbors slander her.—She could not conjecture.

Let my aunt be consoled. A person who can live in this world without suffering slander must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.—*Tristam Shandy.*